

# DAREDEVIL

HUNTED BY... **BENGAL!**

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Stan Lee  
PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

# I HEARD THE JUNGLE BREATHE

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VIETNAM, 1968. IN THE CENTRAL  
HIGHLANDS NEAR BANG ME THUOT.  
IT WAS ALMOST A ROUTINE PATROL.

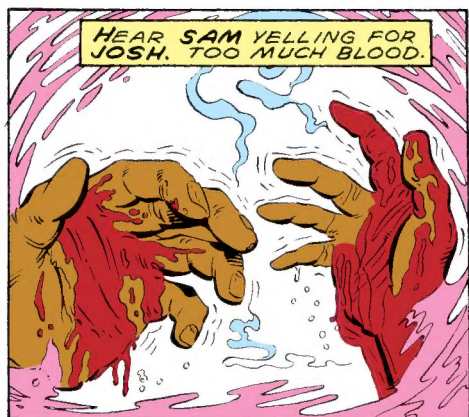
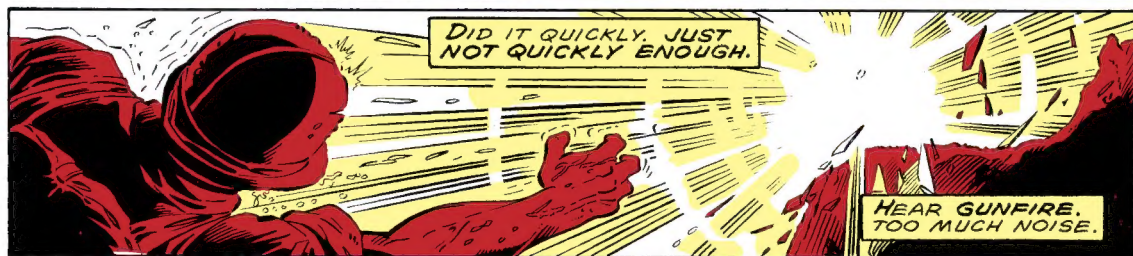
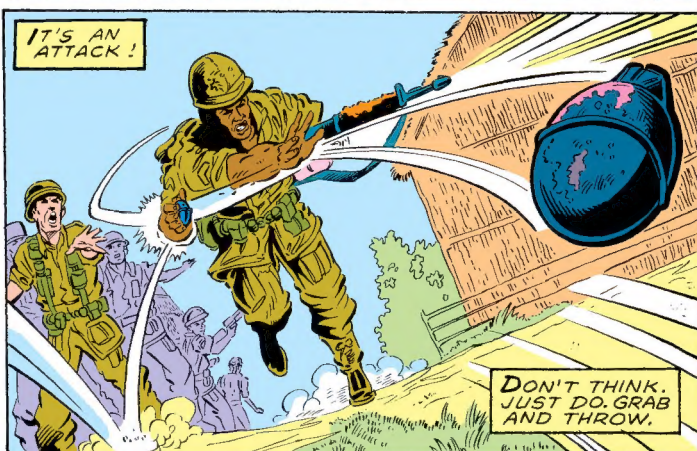
JANES IS SCREAMING LIKE  
A MANIAC. DOES EVERYTHING  
LIKE A MANIAC. WANTS TO  
KNOW IF THE JUNGLE IS  
BREATHING.

IDIOT DOESN'T  
REALIZE THERE'S  
TOO MUCH NOISE  
TO HEAR THE JUNGLE.  
TOO MUCH NOISE TO  
HEAR THE VIET CONG.

TOO MUCH CRYING. TOO MUCH  
PAIN. TOO MUCH MISERY. I  
WANT TO SHUT IT ALL OUT.

I WANT TO BE BLIND  
TO EVERYTHING  
AROUND ME.





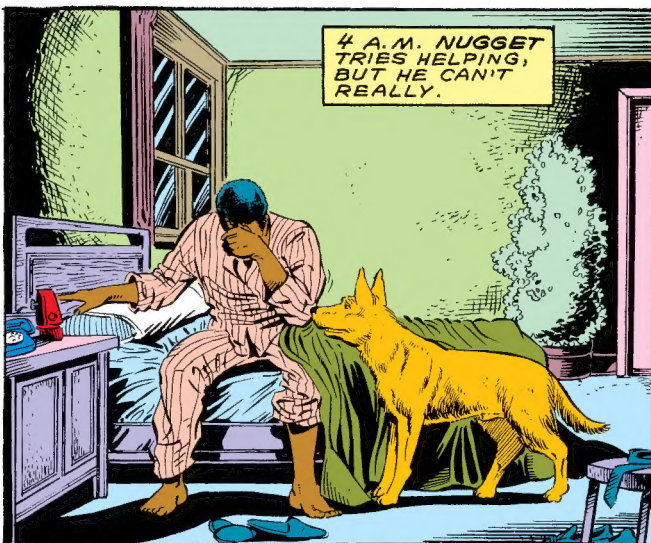


AHH. HUHFGH. SAME DREAM. NOT A NIGHTMARE ANYMORE. JUST ROUTINE. WAKE UP, PAJAMAS READY FOR THE DRYER, HEAD READY FOR THE ASPIRIN BOTTLE.



ROUTINE.

4 A.M. NUGGET TRIES HELPING, BUT HE CAN'T REALLY.



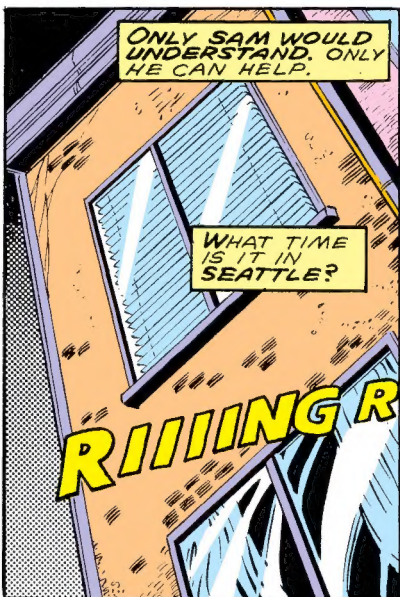
ONLY SOMEONE WHO WAS THERE WITH ME CAN UNDERSTAND. I DON'T EVEN NEED TO SEE THE NUMBERS, I HAVE THEM MEMORIZED.



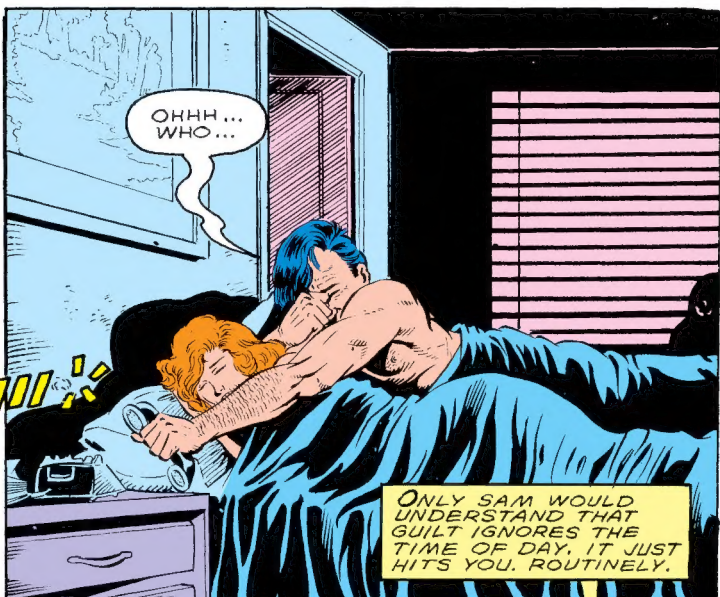
ONLY SAM WOULD UNDERSTAND. ONLY HE CAN HELP.

WHAT TIME IS IT IN SEATTLE?

RIIIING RIIII!!



OHhh... WHO...



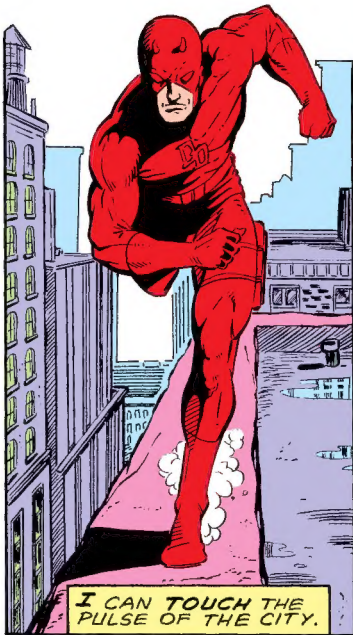
ONLY SAM WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT GUILT IGNORES THE TIME OF DAY, IT JUST HITS YOU. ROUTINELY.





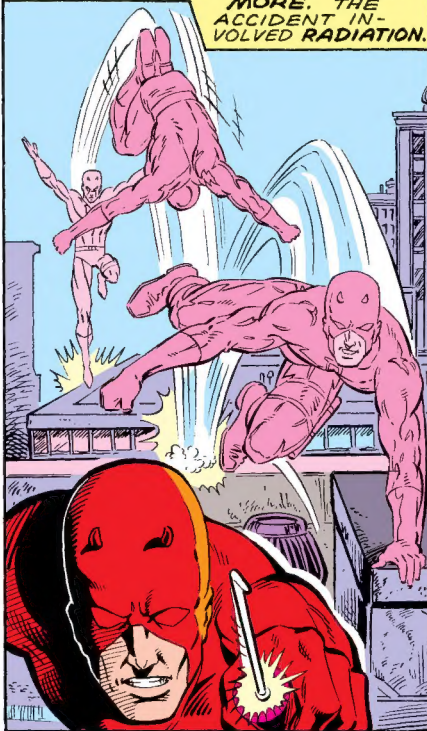


MORNING. I CAN FEEL THE SUNRISE. I CAN HEAR THE CITY WAKE UP. I CAN SMELL THE DAY BEGIN.

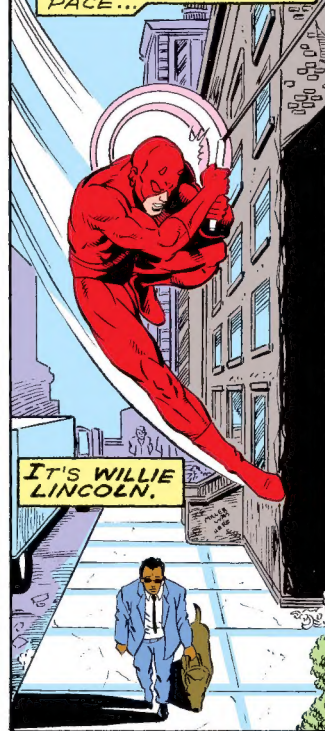


I CAN TOUCH THE PULSE OF THE CITY.

I JUST CAN'T SEE IT. A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT ROBBED ME OF MY SIGHT. BLINDNESS IS MY CURSE AND MY BLESSING. WITH SIGHT I WOULD BE A NORMAL MAN, WITHOUT IT I AM MUCH MORE. THE ACCIDENT INVOLVED RADIATION.



RADAR SENSE PICKS UP SOMEONE APPROACHING THE CLINIC. HEARTBEAT AND SCENT FAMILIAR. THE DOG'S MEASURED PACE...



IT'S WILLIE LINCOLN.

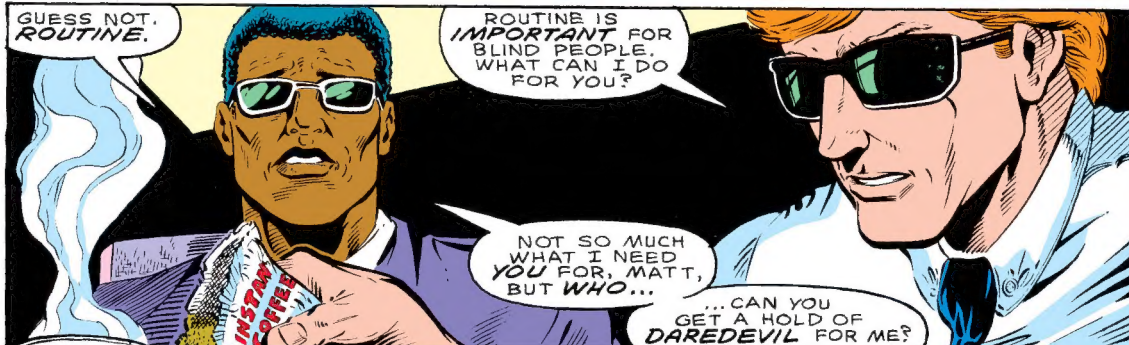
DAREDEVIL MET HIM YEARS AGO AT A CHARITY SHOW FOR VETERANS. MATT MURDOCK HELPED HIM WITH SOME LEGAL PROBLEMS WHEN HE CAME HOME.



EXIT

HE'S A GOOD MAN, A GOOD FRIEND.

BUT THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL VISIT. I CAN SENSE THESE THINGS...



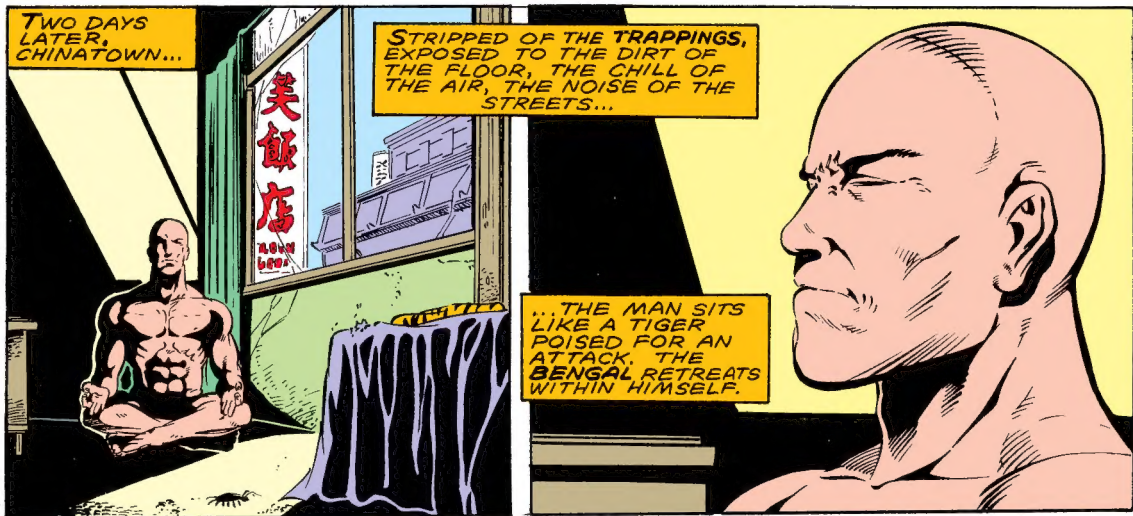
GUESS NOT. ROUTINE.

ROUTINE IS IMPORTANT FOR BLIND PEOPLE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

NOT SO MUCH WHAT I NEED YOU FOR, MATT, BUT WHO...

...CAN YOU GET A HOLD OF DAREDEVIL FOR ME?

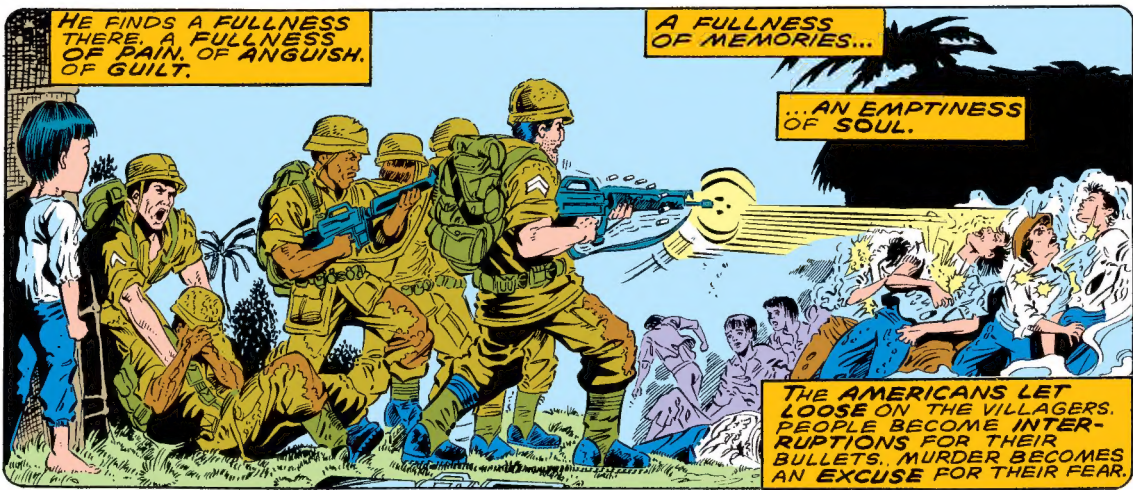




TWO DAYS LATER, CHINATOWN...

STRIPPED OF THE TRAPPINGS, EXPOSED TO THE DIRT OF THE FLOOR, THE CHILL OF THE AIR, THE NOISE OF THE STREETS...

THE MAN SITS LIKE A TIGER POISED FOR AN ATTACK. THE BENGAL RETREATS WITHIN HIMSELF.



HE FINDS A FULLNESS THERE. A FULLNESS OF PAIN, OF ANGUISH, OF GUILT.

A FULLNESS OF MEMORIES...

...AN EMPTINESS OF SOUL.

THE AMERICANS LET LOOSE ON THE VILLAGERS. PEOPLE BECOME INTERRUPTIONS FOR THEIR BULLETS. MURDER BECOMES AN EXCUSE FOR THEIR FEAR.



THEIR FEAR CAUSES THEM TO RUN. ONE OF THEM WAS HURT AS THEY HURT ALL OF US.



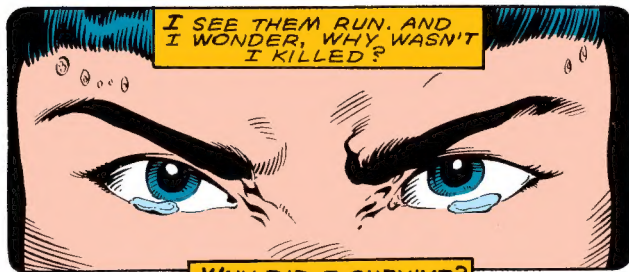
I SEE IT ALL. I HEAR IT ALL. I FEEL IT ALL.





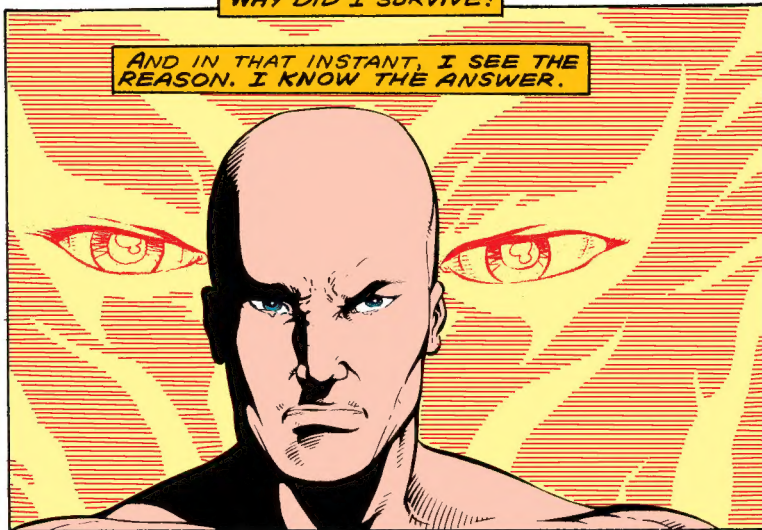
I AM NOT WORTH THEIR NOTICE. I AM POWERLESS TO STOP THEM.

THEY RUN.

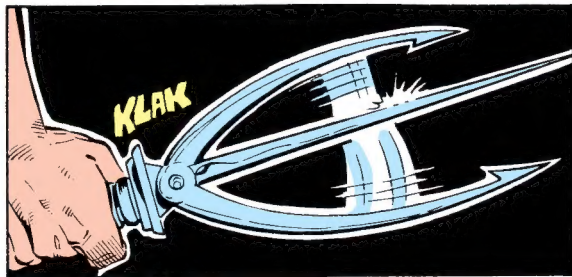
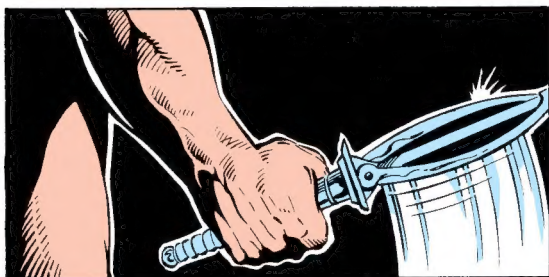


I SEE THEM RUN. AND I WONDER, WHY WASN'T I KILLED?

WHY DID I SURVIVE?

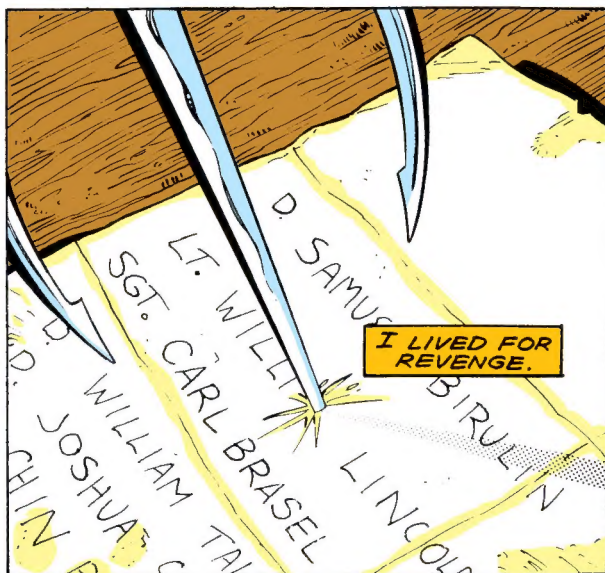


AND IN THAT INSTANT, I SEE THE REASON. I KNOW THE ANSWER.



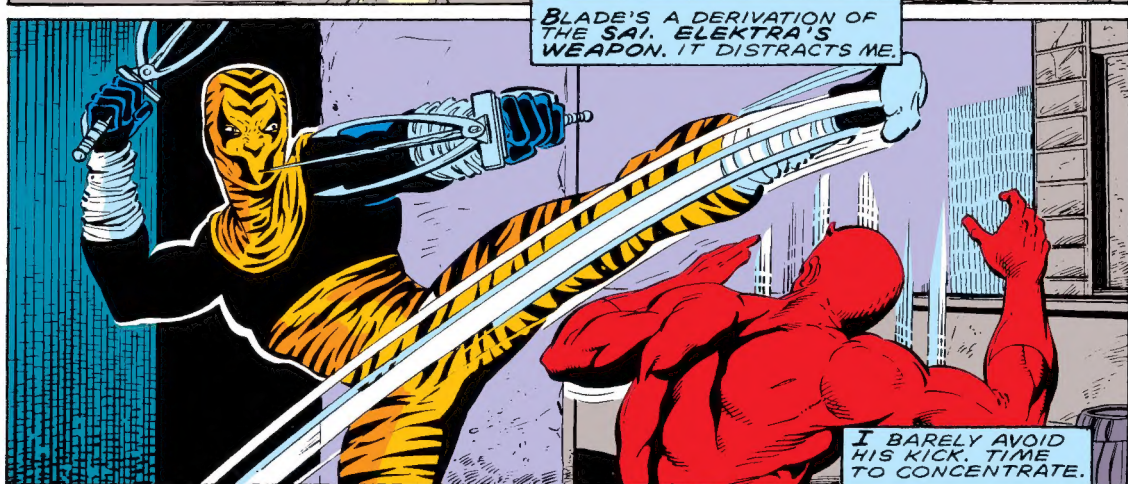
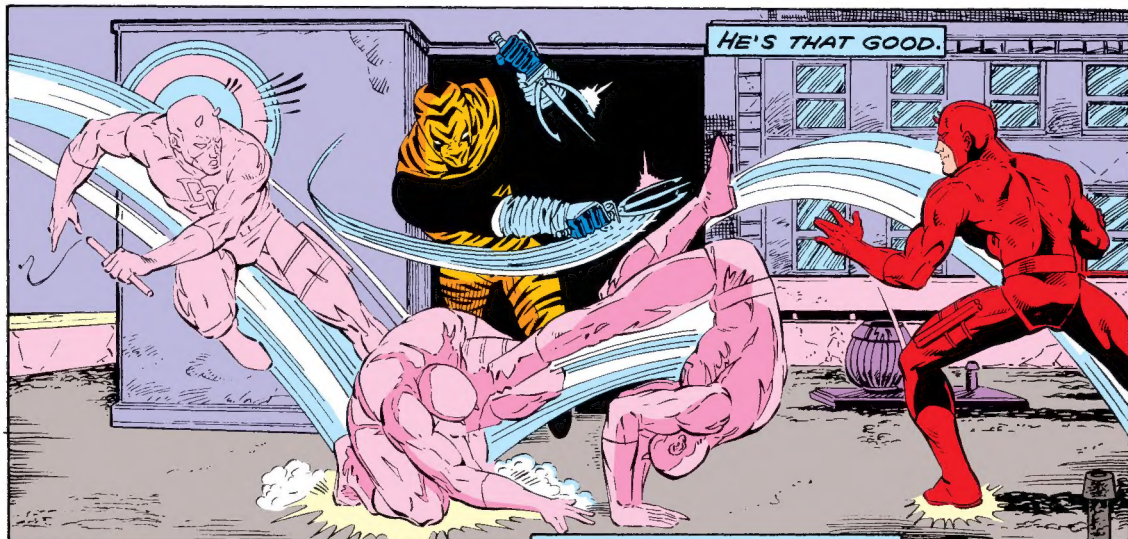
I LIVED FOR MY VILLAGE. I LIVED FOR MY FAMILY.

THUNK!

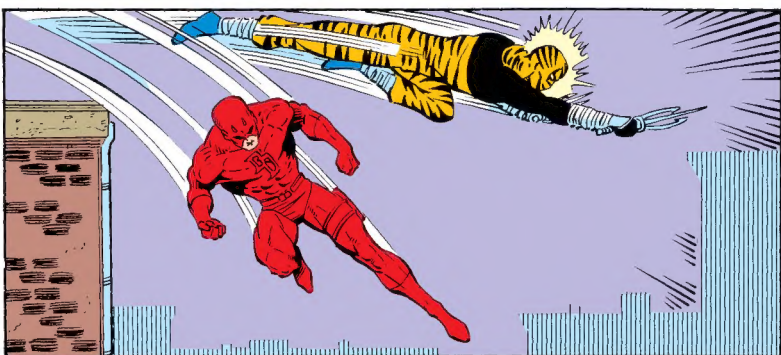
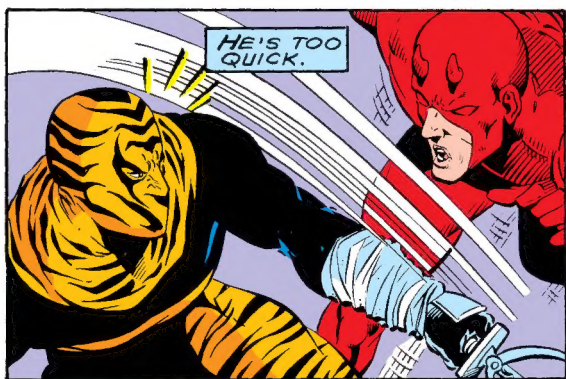


I LIVED FOR REVENGE.

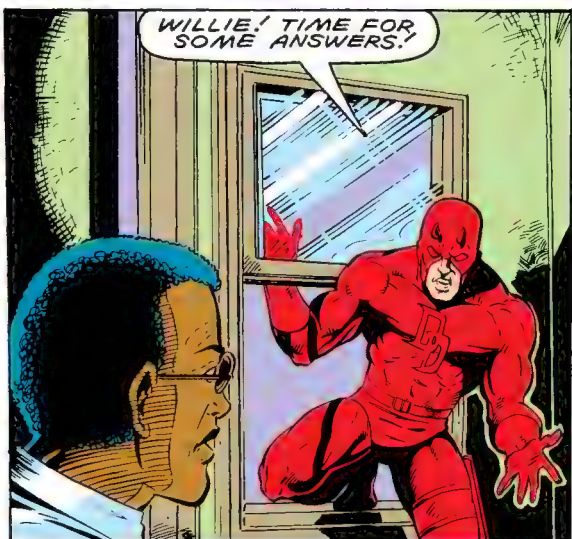
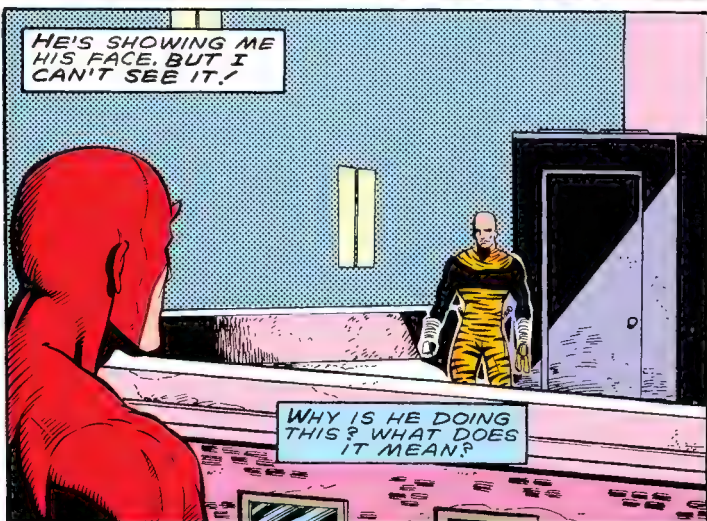
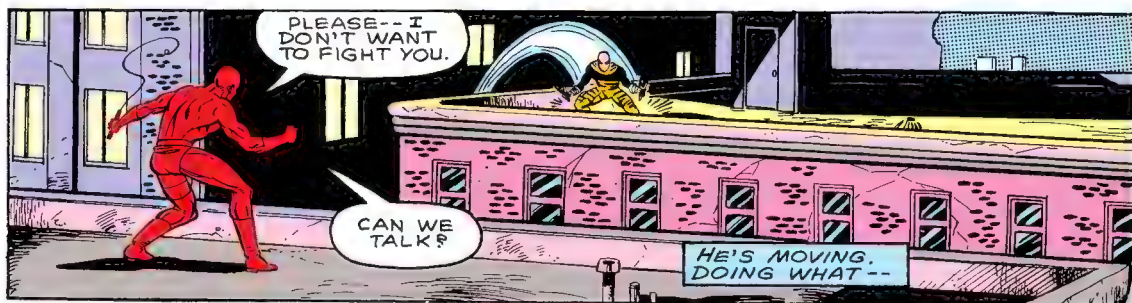




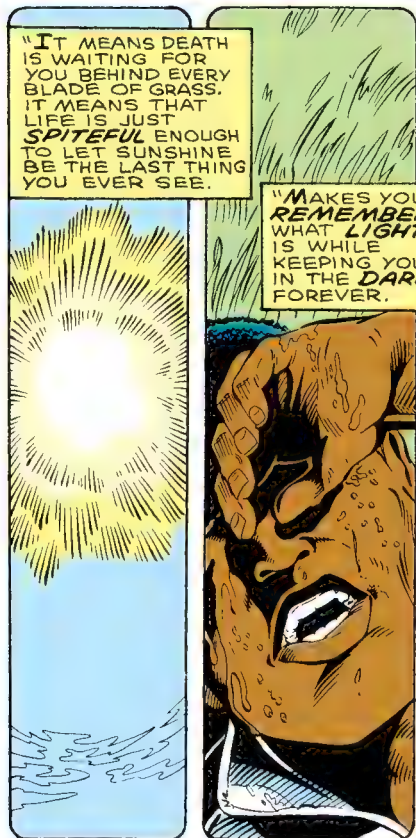




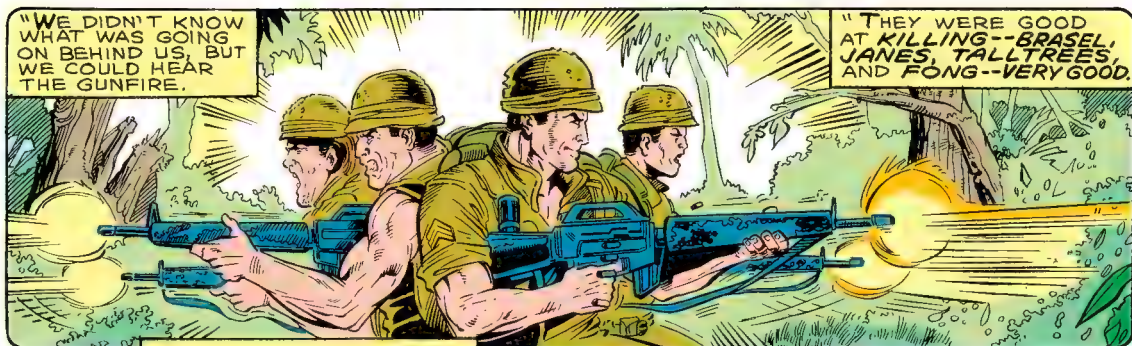






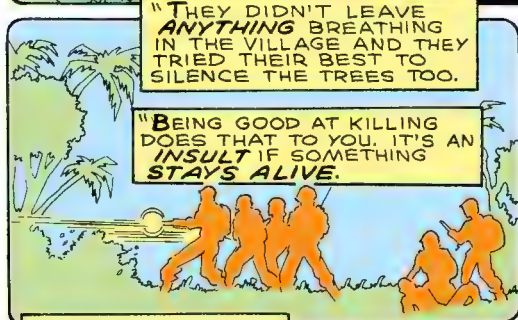






"WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON BEHIND US, BUT WE COULD HEAR THE GUNFIRE."

"THEY WERE GOOD AT KILLING--BRASEL, JAMES, TALLTREES, AND FONG--VERY GOOD."



"THEY DIDN'T LEAVE ANYTHING BREATHING IN THE VILLAGE AND THEY TRIED THEIR BEST TO SILENCE THE TREES TOO."

"BEING GOOD AT KILLING DOES THAT TO YOU. IT'S AN INSULT IF SOMETHING STAYS ALIVE."



"BRASEL BARKED FOR THE DUSTOFF CHOPPER--SAID THEY BETTER PREP FOR OPTICAL SURGERY--I THOUGHT I WAS DYING..."

"CHARLIE WAS SHOOTING AT US FROM ALL AROUND!"



"THE NOISE WAS SO OVERWHELMING. NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE... MADE EVERYTHING LOUDER... STILL DOES."

"I HEARD THE CHOPPER THREE SECONDS BEFORE THEY DID."



"TALLTREES SAID IT WAS RHODEY."

"I DIDN'T CARE. I DIDN'T MATTER. I WAS JUST BAGGAGE NOW."



"RHODEY ASKED ME HOW I WAS, BUT I DIDN'T ANSWER. HOW DID HE THINK I WAS?"

"NO ONE IN THE WORLD WAS HURTING AS MUCH AS I WAS."

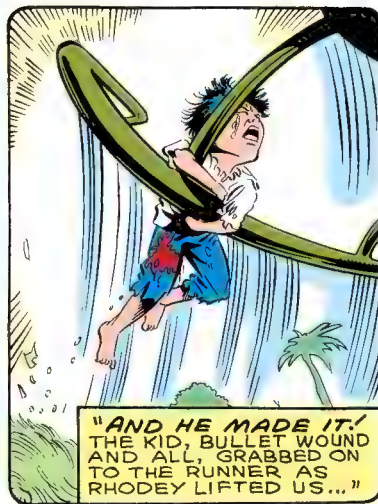
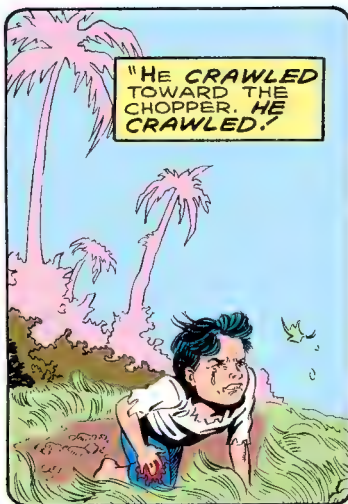
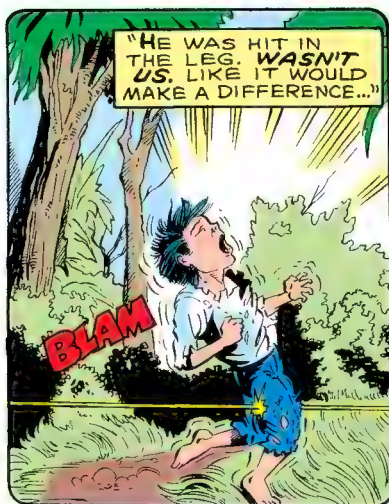


"IT WAS SAM WHO SAW THE KID FIRST."

"HE'D FOLLOWED US FROM THE VILLAGE."

"THEY SAID HE HAD FIRE IN HIS EYES. THE FIRE OF LIFE. THE FIRE I'D LOST MINUTES EARLIER."









"HE WOULDN'T LET GO. RHODEY COULDN'T CLEAR THE TREES..."

"NOT WITH THE BOY HANGING ON!"



"...SO JANES DECIDED TO GET RID OF SOME OF THAT EXTRA WEIGHT..."



"UGH. OH, GOD. HOW COULD HE DO IT? THAT POOR KID! AHH... AHH..."

"THEY TRIED TO STOP JANES."



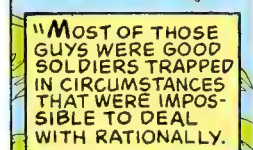
"THEY DID."



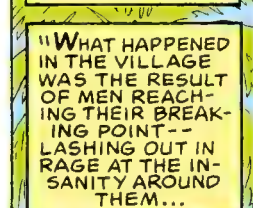
"THEN A COUPLE OF THE OTHER GUYS WANTED TO HELP HIM. AND IT BECAME A MESS."



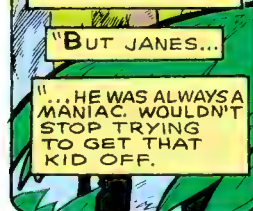
"EVERYONE YELLING, STRUGGLING AGAINST EACH OTHER..."



"MOST OF THOSE GUYS WERE GOOD SOLDIERS TRAPPED IN CIRCUMSTANCES THAT WERE IMPOSSIBLE TO DEAL WITH RATIONALLY."

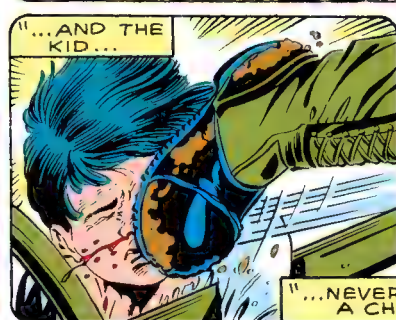


"WHAT HAPPENED IN THE VILLAGE WAS THE RESULT OF MEN REACHING THEIR BREAKING POINT - LASHING OUT IN RAGE AT THE INSANITY AROUND THEM..."

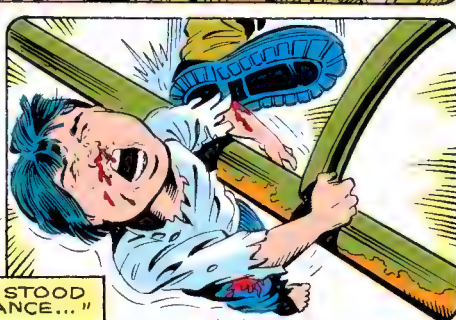


"BUT JANES..."

"...HE WAS ALWAYS A MANIAC. WOULDN'T STOP TRYING TO GET THAT KID OFF."

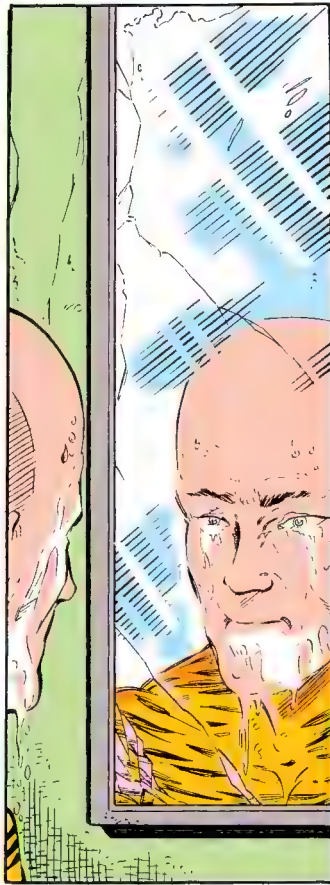
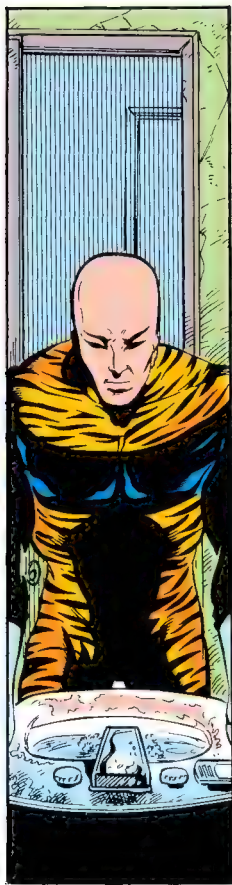
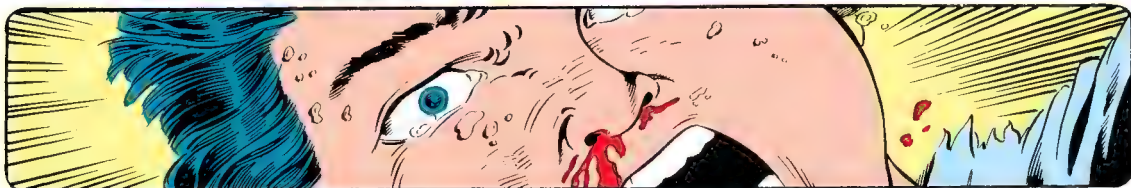


"...AND THE KID..."



"...NEVER STOOD A CHANCE..."







FOR THREE MORE DAYS  
I'VE BEEN WAITING.  
NOTHING.

HOW LONG DO I JUSTIFY  
KEEPING AN EYE OUT ON  
HIS APARTMENT AT THE  
EXPENSE OF THE REST  
OF MY TURF!?



KEEPING AN EYE  
OUT. FUNNY, MURDOCK.

HOW LONG DO I HAVE  
TO WAIT BEFORE THIS  
MAN MAKES HIS MOVE?



THANK YOU.

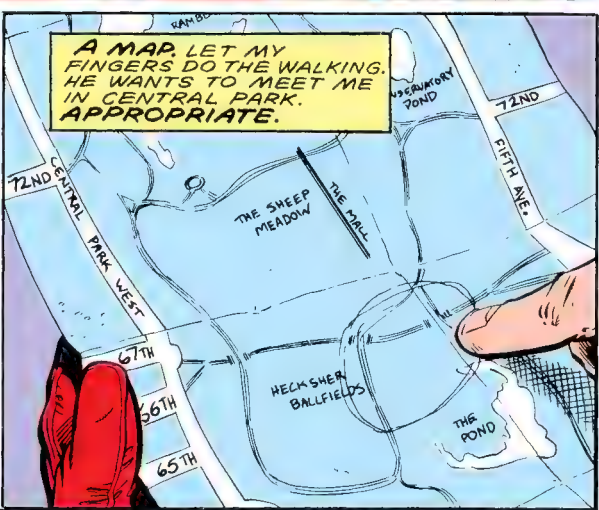


ARROW WOULD HAVE  
HIT TWO INCHES TO  
MY RIGHT. NICE.

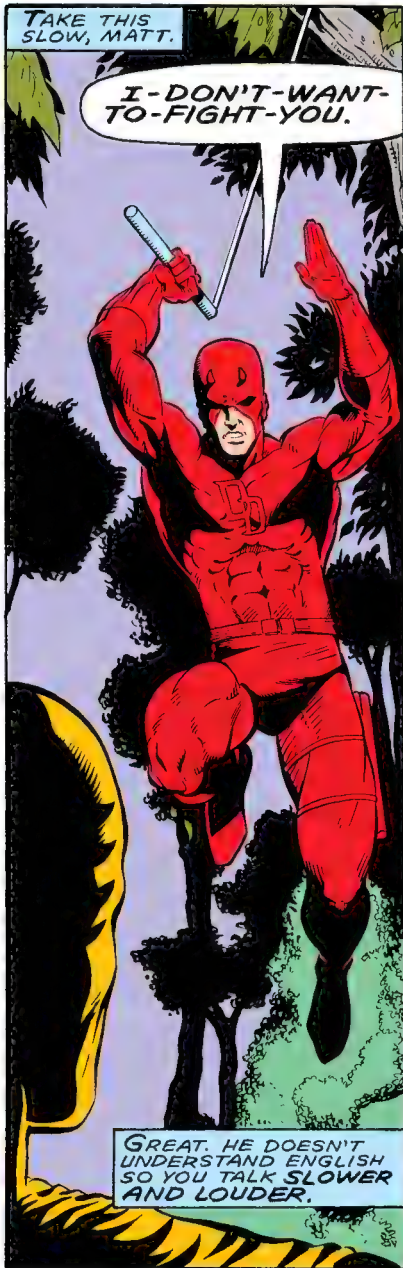
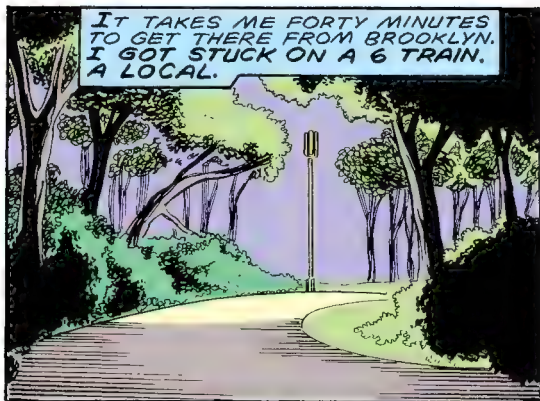


A MESSAGE?

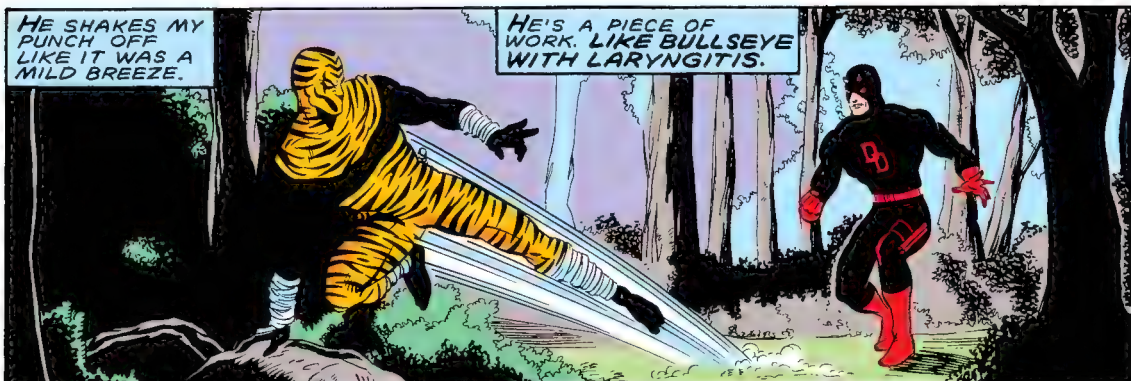
A MAP LET MY  
FINGERS DO THE WALKING.  
HE WANTS TO MEET ME  
IN CENTRAL PARK.  
APPROPRIATE.











HE SHAKES MY PUNCH OFF LIKE IT WAS A MILD BREEZE.

HE'S A PIECE OF WORK, LIKE BULLSEYE WITH LARYNGITIS.



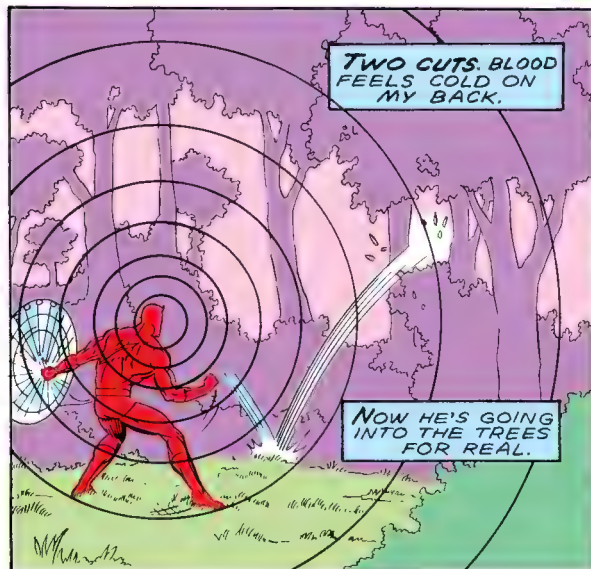
AND HE WANTS TO HIDE IN THE TREES.



AAAGH!



SHUT OUT THE PAIN, YOU IDIOT. UGHH.



TWO CUTS. BLOOD FEELS COLD ON MY BACK.

NOW HE'S GOING INTO THE TREES FOR REAL.



HE DOESN'T REALIZE HE'S MAKING IT EASY FOR ME.



